

# The Fremont Weekly Journal.

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FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO; FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1898.

New Series, Vol. XVI, No. 1.

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Stationery, &c., &c.

**Dr. E. Dillon & Son,**

**DRUGGISTS,**

AND LARGE DEALERS IN

**PATENT MEDICINES.**

Our stock is large, full and complete, and embraces everything in the way of Medicines, Proprietary Medicines, Perfumery, &c., usually found in a drug store.

**WINES and LIQUORS.**

We have on hand 110 different kinds of Wines and Liquors. We warrant to give good colors. Best for dyeing household goods.

**DYE-STUFFS.**

Specialists devoted to dyeing Dye-Stuffs, Indigo and Madder. We warrant to give good colors. Best for dyeing household goods.

**PAINTS.**

Paints are sold separately. Other stock embraces all of the best and most popular brands. We have the best of the paint trade, and have taken the lead for twenty-five years. Fremont and Paris, Ohio, the best of the paint trade.

**OILS.**

Machinery oils—Painting oils—Oils for greasing harnesses—all of which we sell at the lowest prices.

**WINDOW GLASS.**

We have on hand 110 different kinds of Glass, and our prices are fifty to seventy-five cents and other. Money will always be saved by buying glass of us.

**BRUSHES.**

Patent, White, Hair, Cloth and Tooth Brushes in large variety.

**WALL PAPER.**

Our selection of Wall Paper embraces the choicest patterns from one of the most noted manufacturers in America, and at prices that entice.

**SCHOOL BOOKS**

Furnished to Dealers at publisher's prices.

**STATIONERY.**

A complete assortment of CAP, LETTER and COMMERCIAL NOTE PAPER, ENVELOPES, SLATES, PENS, &c., &c.

**FREMONT, O. DR. E. DILLON & SON**

**THAT'S THE IDEA.**

**R. THOMAS**

**MERCHANT**

**Tailor.**

He keeps a splendid line of

First Class Work.

He also keeps a splendid line of

First Class Work.

He also keeps a splendid line of

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Poetry.

MY OREED.

BY ALICE KARY.

I hold that Christian grace abounds

Wherever it is seen; that when

We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds

Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,

Is but a shadow of true grace.

Where there is love, can there be

Disunion?

This I, moreover, hold and dare

Affirm, whatever my theme may be,

Whatever things be sweet or fair

Love makes them so.

Whether it be the fallacies

That creep into the saving bird,

Or that sweet confession of aches

And blushes made without a word.

Whether the dawning and the flush

Of sympathy's garden flowers,

Or by some cabin door or bush

Of fragrant flowers.

'Tis no the play philosophy

That stirs the heart to prayer,

That makes us wiser, we judge the true

By what it has.

When a man can live apart

From works on theological trust,

I know the blood about his heart

Is dry as dust.

**Miscellaneous Selections.**

The Man who Married a Man

BY WINT RICE.

I have cultivated acquaintance, in the

course of a life which has had in it

many a queer incident, with many a

strange story. What my itinerant life

has been, does not matter, perhaps; but

the curious reader will come to a guess,

if that Yankee faculty be among his

mental faculties. I may have been a

Methodist circuit-riding. I may have

been a detective policeman. I may have

been a lecturer on the science of phre-

nology, with illustrative charts. I may

have been a negro minstrel. I may have

been a bill-collector. I may have been

a vagabond without any rim to my

hat. I may have been a gentleman

of wealth and leisure. I may have been

a clown in a traveling circus. I may

have been a wandering Jew with a box

of cheap jewelry. Guessing is a beautiful

exercise. I have been none of these.

One night in mid-winter I entered

the house of mine host, Barrows, with

my hair frozen stiff with my ears, and

my moustache an icicle in color and

feel. It was bitter cold out-of-doors,

but there was a bright fire burning in

a broad, old-fashioned fireplace, and

around it sat a group of deep-looking

men, looking their shins before the

ruddy blaze.

The reader, for whose superior powers

of mind I have a profound respect,

is also at liberty to guess where Bar-

rows' head is buried, but as it is of no

kind of importance, perhaps it may

be well not to dwell on the subject. It

is an old story, but it is a story that

Barrows' wife was not to visit, and

not destined, let us hope, to the un-

happy fate of that well-known, but un-

fortunate story, and its baroness no

grove of lemons. But Barrows' wife

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